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in thought and in terms; while to suggest that an immediate war with Germany is the surest and quickest way to restore the toppling balance of England's commercial power—is much like advising a man to spend his principal in order to increase his income. These summary pronouncements and hasty conclusions cannot but cast doubt upon the capable author's own acumen and judgment—a doubt by no means deserved. For Mr. Collier's very noticeable book holds much just criticism with generous and appreciative admiration as well. It will appeal not only to those whose taste is acquired, but also to those whose love is inborn; and it offers more sagacious observation of a general kind than the American dwelling in England is usually able to give.

It remains only to speak a word in praise of Mr. Collier's lucid and fluent style—a style built upon the best English models and the outcome of trained craftsmanship.

“The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics!” exclaimed Emerson. It is a pleasing affirmation, even if it does not compel unquestioning acceptance. A sufficiently deep probe would no doubt discover the potential mystic and poet in even those of us who are, as Jules Laforgue might say, most irreclaimably quotidian. Let us hug the thought to our bosoms for an ultimate solace. The detached observer of the literary show, in its contemporary processes, has need of some such solace. Certainly it is a rare experience to hear, among the clamorous and strident voices which to-day fill with noise the literary market-place, the voice of the writer who is both poet and mystic—rare enough in that enclosure which is set apart for the formal poet and almost never manifest in any less definitely consecrated region.

What is to be said of a writer who, in our immediate day, ventures to discourse, without the spice of paradox or the soothing balm of sentimentality, of such matters as Solitude, Detachment, the Service of Books, the Use of Symbols, Dreams and Visions, and who speaks of them gravely, profoundly, uncompromisingly: as, in short, a poet and mystic? It is an adventure to daunt the most implacable of philosophers, the most confirmed of visionaries: yet it has been undertaken and accomplished in a book which is as indisputably modern in impulse and quality

as it is in the moment of its appearance. This audacious writer is Louise Collier Willcox, and her book is "The Human Way,"* a sheaf of essays, meditative and discursive, upon life and art in their essential aspects.

Mrs. Willcox is not of the current type of pleasantly amiable and aimless essayists. Her Way is no by-path for sentimentalists or for intellectual and spiritual idlers. She is both poet and mystic; she has imagination, sensitiveness, plasticity. Yet she has also what the amiable philosopher of the peptonized school so seldom has—fortifying intellect and profound spiritual intuition. She is a writer who would have made glad the heart of Meredith, for she recognizes brain as "the station for the flight of soul." She is a weaver of dreams; yet she knows that "the laughter of reason refreshed is floriferous, like the magical great gale of the shifty spring deciding for summer." She can write of Friendship, Children, Out-of-doors, with an evident and delightful indifference to the sentimental lure. Wherever her discussions range there issues beauty or illumination. Her culture is mellow and comprehensive, her understanding is ripe and unbaffled; and, like the serene Transcendentalist, she is content to "leave hurry to slaves."

She has produced a book that is as winsome and noble as it is distinguished and exceptional: a book which, one likes to think, brings appreciably nearer that golden hour of fulfilment once seen by Jean Paul Richter—that time "when it shall be light; and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams and find his dreams still there and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

TRAVEL.

The British officer in his finest flower is a spectacle to make glad the sun and to make strong the earth. Here† we have him in a sort of foot-note to Kipling, another story which should have been told at that great "Conference of the Powers" recorded in "Many Inventions." The tale of the two lions is itself stirring and epical; it is very fine, but the figure of Colonel Patterson

* "The Human Way." By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

† "The Man - Eaters of Tsavo and Other East-African Adventures." By Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. London: Macmillan & Co., 1908.